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NEW MUSIC NOW

GLASTONBURY 2000

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

MOBY: "LET'S GET BUTT-NAKED!"

FESTIVAL DEPRAVITY REVEALED

ALL THE PICTURES, ALL THE FREAKS – GIANT PHOTO SPECIAL

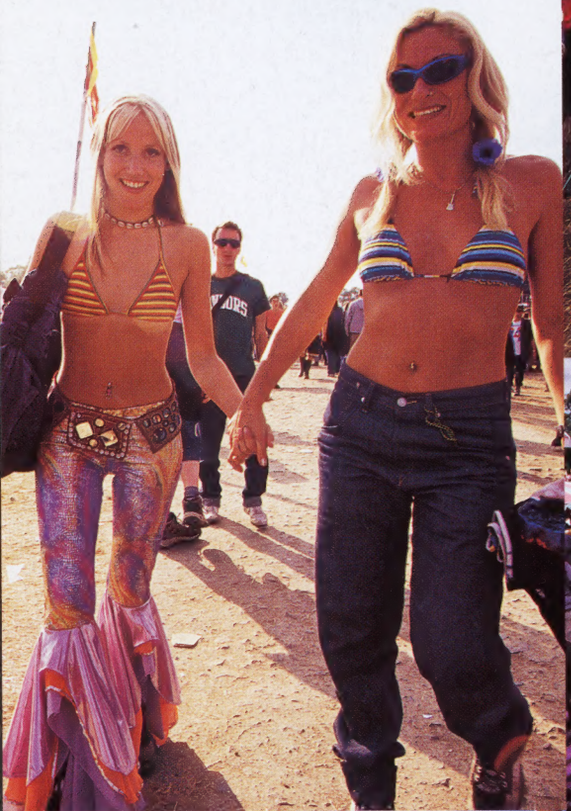
THE SUNSHINE UNDERGROUND

Re-live the greatest festival of all

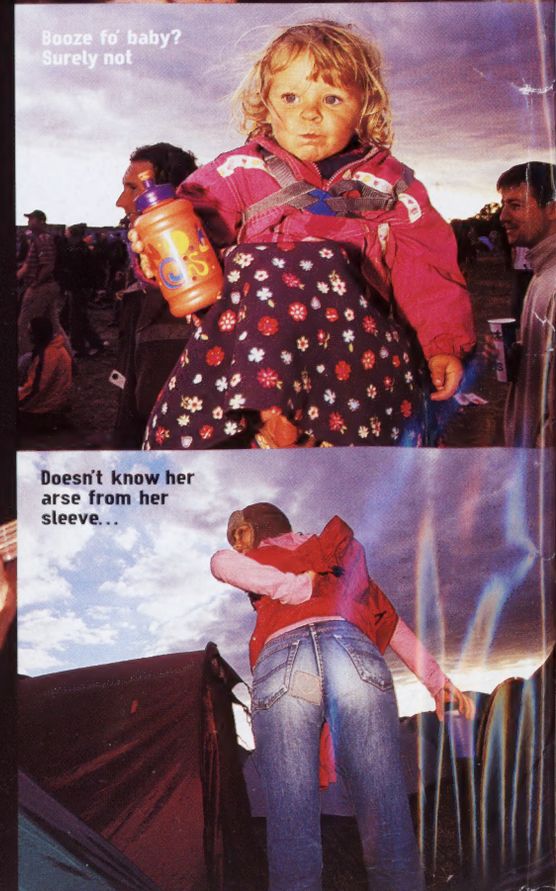
Moved by WaterAid, two H2O-conscious campers recycle saliva

'I'm gonna batter that fuckin' shopkeeper': Mr Benn's unamused

In tribute to the Pyramid Stage, these girls display their own pink polygons

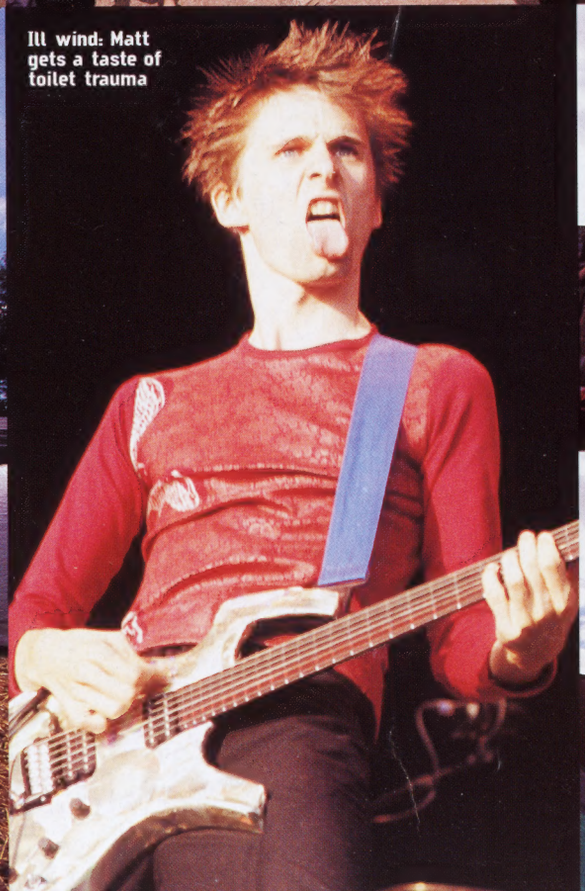


Why God made clothes



Bow Selecta!

Ill wind: Matt gets a taste of toilet trauma



Booze fo' baby? Surely not

Doesn't know her arse from her sleeve...

Pole-ing the crowd: Evil Jared Bloodhound gets the fans' support

SELECT GLASTONBURY 2000 EXPOSED!

Hiyawatha-fuck?!?

From dusk till 'Dirge': DIV's setting sun set

KODAK ULTRA CAMERAS BETTER THAN YOU THINK
www.betterthanyouthink.com

Hampost: what your burger used to look like, kinda

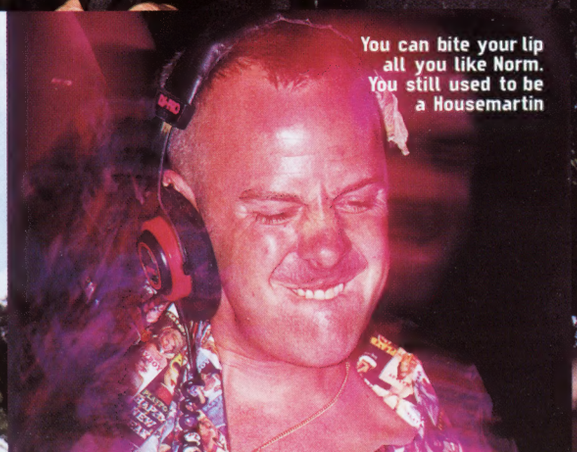
Grand scran 2000: Glastonbury's quality millennium munchies

Rock with your Cox out

A right couple of bankers

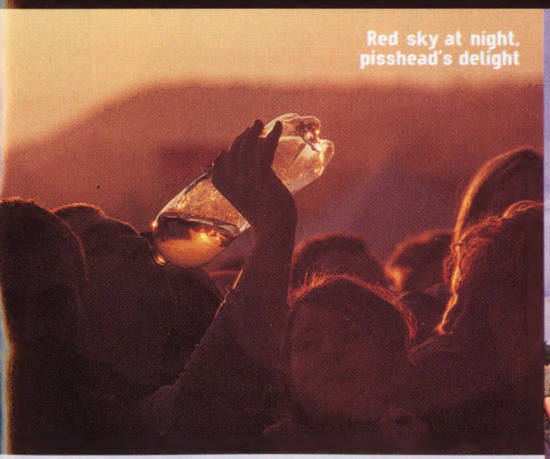
Bangin': the Glastonbury wicker man, post-rocket, the Sacred Space

Tommy Lee shows Pammy's not the only one who can swallow

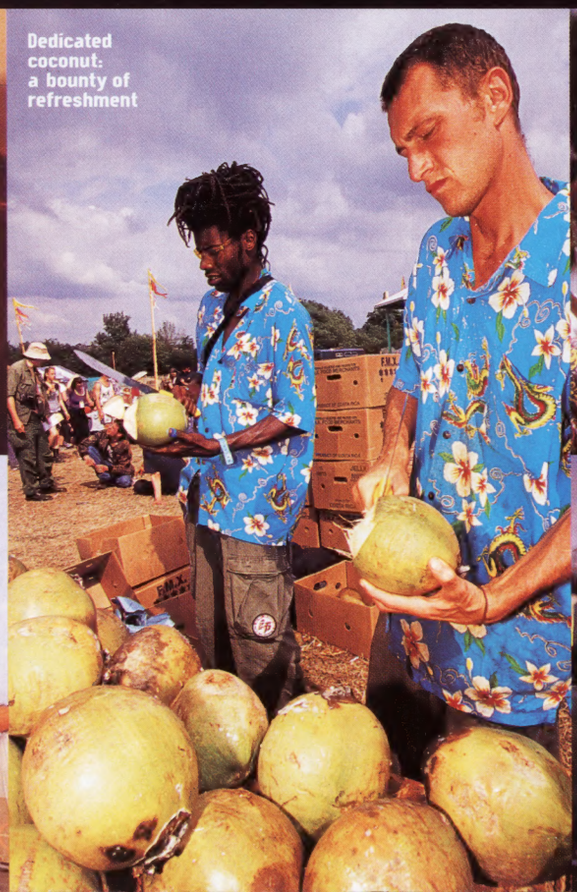


You can bite your lip all you like Norm. You still used to be a Housemartin

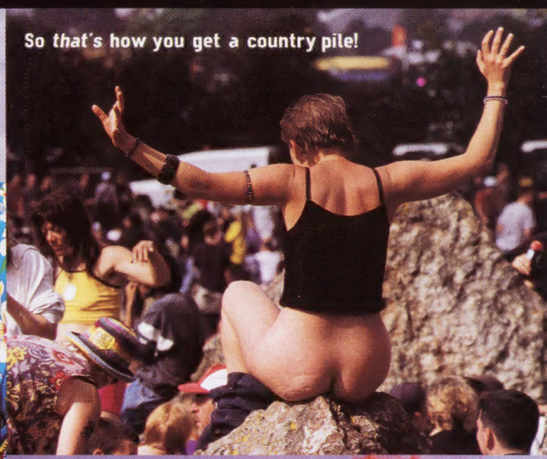
Fancy a half-pipe, pipe, pipe, pipe?



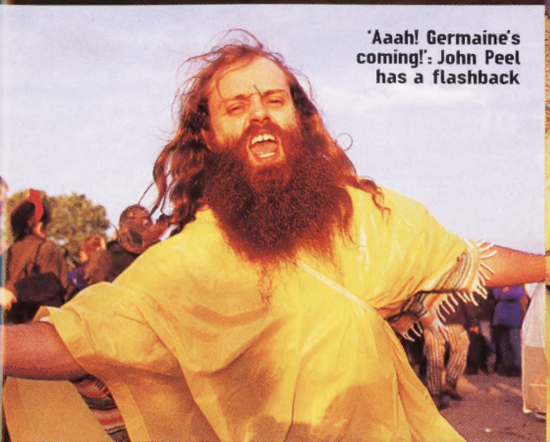
Red sky at night, pisshead's delight



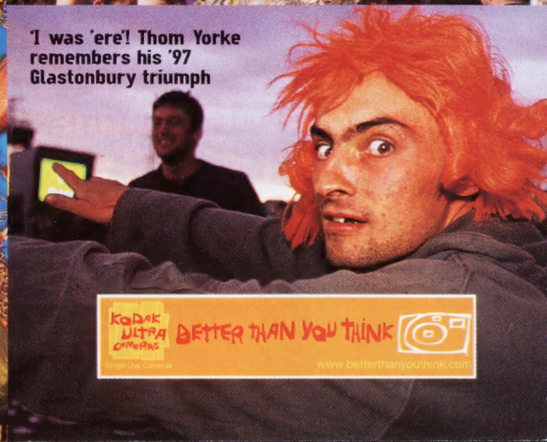
Dedicated coconut: a bounty of refreshment



So *that's* how you get a country pile!



'Aaah! Germaine's coming!': John Peel has a flashback



'I was 'ere'! Thom Yorke remembers his '97 Glastonbury triumph

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BOWIE SELECTA!

Super Dave triumphs, Happy Mondays bum out: all of Glastonbury 2000's musical highlights individually reviewed and rated

DAVID BOWIE

Pyramid Stage, Sunday, 10.20pm

The first thing you notice may be the unfortunate hair design, possibly by Nicky Clarke. In place of the recent Beckham fringe, there is a tousled, old-ladyish mop that goes strangely well with his gaunter mid-50s looks. But when he starts singing 'Wild Is The Wind' you remember that this is David Bowie and he can do what he likes. Despite continual rumours to the contrary, Bowie makes it for his first Glastonbury since 1971 without losing his voice or the plot.

Backed by a note-perfect band of implacable efficiency, the voice is still there in wondrous fullness. And when he's playing a greatest hits set ['Under Pressure', 'Golden Years', 'The Man Who Sold The World' , 'Rebel, Rebel', 'All The Young Dudes', 'Ziggy Stardust', etc etc], Bowie can't really be anything less than stunning. Even a couple of the more recent drum'n'bass numbers and a less-than-firing 'Heroes' can't dampen the response.

It fits with third-day, too-much-sun Glastonbury fantasising about the magical heart of England, too. How else does this old campaigner and his 30-year-old songs spring up appearing so fresh? The fact he seems thrilled to be closing the festival probably helps.

Highlight Apart from the songs, Bowie quips along merrily, as when he tells the entire festival "You've got a *laaacky* face", in prime faux cockernee. He then asks after the Dutch fan who invaded the stage and sang along with his entire set in 1971, enquiring if she is in the audience this year. Finally, he addresses temporal concerns with a geezerish chortle: "This curfew business is new stuff, y'know."

Overall score ●●●●● IH

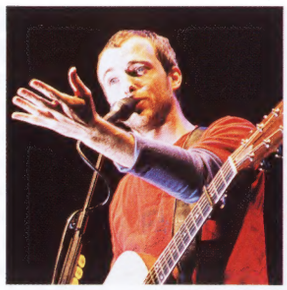
CYPRESS HILL

Pyramid Stage, Friday, 5.25pm

Former hip-hop flavours of the month throw themselves onto the rap-metal bandwagon with shameless abandon. Extended bongo interlude notwithstanding, what follows is the usual souped-up metal versions of the hits, except now they're even more pointlessly frenetic. Performing in competition with the relentlessly entertaining Bloodhound Gang on the Other Stage, Cypress Hill deliver a set of such banality that God makes it rain out of sheer boredom. The fans vote with their feet, slowly trickling away from some of the most unforgivingly dull onstage banter of the weekend.

Highlight An admirably bass-driven version of 'Dr Greenthumb', sounding more than ever like Tricky on tartrazine.

Overall score ●●○○○ PL



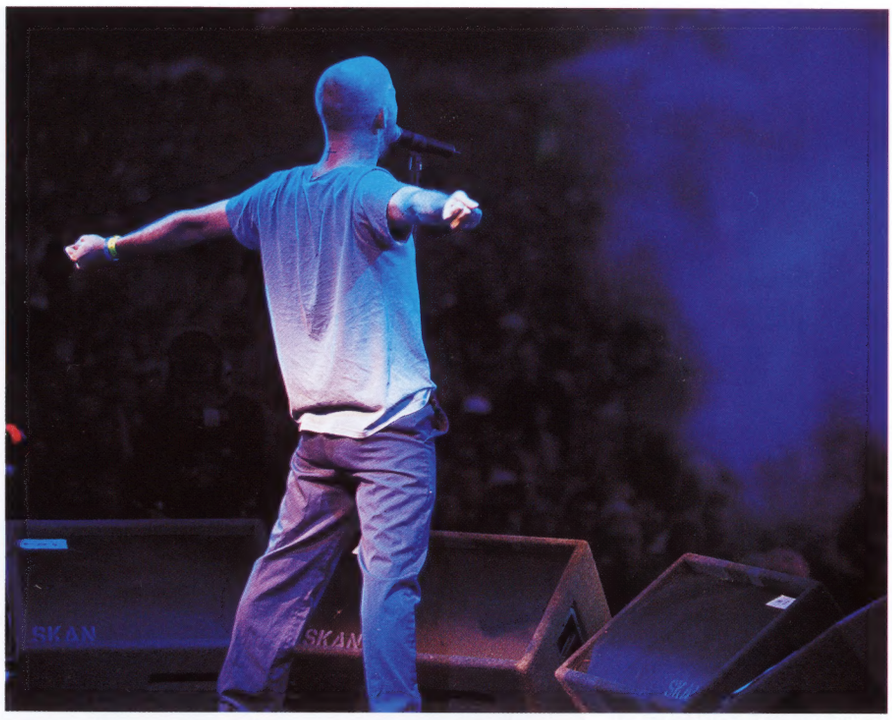
TRAVIS

Pyramid Stage, Saturday, 11pm

With Moby, Norman Cook and Fran Healy all playing this year, Glastonbury 2000 sees proud representation for baldy guys with funny-shaped heads. "This looks *so* beautiful," gushes Fran early on. "All the tiny lights..." Tonight Travis triumph by means of gentility, endless empathic good cheer and their unending supply of lovely, emotive melodic undertow. It's an organic answer to Radiohead's 1997 show, as Fran natters on about playing Pooh sticks and Travis fill the night air with mechanisms as pretty and timeless as the perfectly synchronised fireworks bursting overhead.

Highlight As ever, Fran and Dougie's heart-bustin' acoustic representation of bold Britney's 'Baby One More Time'.

Overall score ●●●●○ RW



MOBY

Other Stage, Saturday, 9pm

"This is dedicated to anyone who has ever found themselves dancing in a field with a total stranger at five in the morning," declares Moby before playing his 1991 calling-card 'Go'. It's not just Moby's revisits to acid house and happy hardcore [the wondrously cheesy 'Feel So Real', the bonkers bpms of 'Thousand'] that bring rave out of rehab tonight. From the clunking Italianate pianos on 'Natural Blues' to the mountainous diva's moans on 'Why Does My Heart Feel So Bad?', one of the biggest Other Stage crowds ever loves him to bits and they all go mental, old-skool style.

No wonder Moby stands atop his keyboard like a pint-sized Messiah right at the end.

Highlight 'Why Does My Heart...', inevitably. Four minutes of sunset-drenched, heart-wrenching complete bliss.

Overall score ●●●●● TM

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS

Pyramid Stage, Friday, 10.50pm

Two of Glastonbury's most seasoned courtiers, Tom and Ed have clearly 'got glint' tonight, and succeed where Primal Scream and Oasis have flunked, closing the first day on an unstoppable high. Now pant-soilingly evolved, their son-et-lumière spectacle diverts stoner attention from the Pyramid's winking apex, sucking you through mesmerising *Blair Witch* forestry on the awesomely tampered-with 'Out Of Control'. The most danceable mindfuck in history!

Highlight 'The Private Psychedelic Reel', where Tom wrenches all manner of withering noize in a physical display to match Jimi Hendrix at Monterey '67.

Overall score ●●●●● AP

COLDPLAY

Other Stage, Saturday, 3pm

Playing after the inexplicably popular Toploader and before the inexplicably popular David Gray, Coldplay's altogether gentler take on emotive melody is a mite too subtle for all the beanie hats gathered today. Frontman Chris Martin's endless beaming good cheer and songs like 'Yellow' and 'Shiver' are sublime enough to put a hush to all the sunshine-addled chatter, but they let themselves down badly with a pointless version of 'You Only Live Twice'. Maybe a case of too big a stage too soon.

Highlight: Chris Martin's touching gift for funsome onstage banter: "It's a good job you saw us now, cos next year we're gonna be bigger than Bon Jovi!"

Overall score ●●●○○ JM

MOLOKO

Jazzworld Stage, Saturday, 7.45pm

With Roisin appearing in 'sensible hippie' combo [jeans'n'boots, blue sarong round shoulders, red sash] Moloko are obviously in true festival spirit. The feeling's mutual: a massive crowd is word-perfect on 'Things To Make & Do' material. They're perfectly polite about the oldies, but go bonkers when Roisin asks "Can you do us a favour?" and launches into 'Sing It Back', cunningly combined with disco classic 'I Feel Love' and a funky white guitar only a blow-dry away from new romanticism.

Highlight: Roisin twirling sassily during 'The Time Is Now', accompanied by several thousand voices and brilliant sunshine.

Overall score ●●●○○ TM

BLOODHOUND GANG

Other Stage, Friday, 5.10pm

Like a rock show orchestrated by *The League Of Gentlemen*'s Papa Lazarou, BHG convert thousands with their genuinely hilarious take on the usually po-faced world of rap metal. With guest appearances from a crack-smoking Pacman and the monkey-faced Joe Absolom [who fails to win $100 when he can't finish 24 cans of warm Dr Pepper], it all makes Blink-182 seem like Billy Bragg. Fire is blown, groupies are groped, fat kids are insulted – when a band's this funny, who cares about the music?

Highlight Hundreds to choose from, but Tommy Lee showing his knob onstage deserves a mention.

Overall score ●●●●● JM

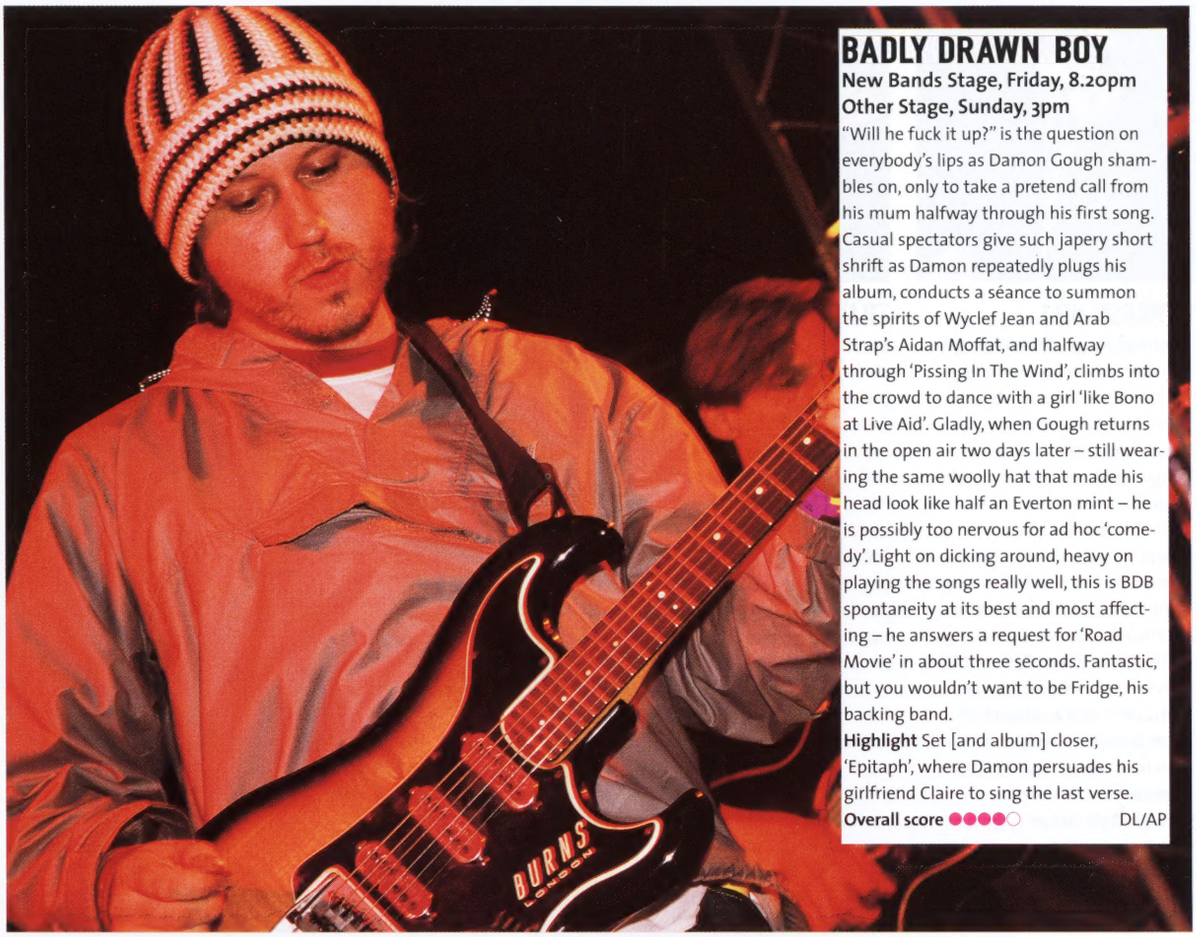
MY VITRIOL

New Bands Stage, Saturday, 5.30pm

"I can smell you from here," frontman Som tells the pungent crowd. The cynic might rejoin that My Vitriol smell strongly, too – of Teen Spirit. But, for all their Nirvana debt, today they stage a fine mini-coup. This is what Three Colours Red should have been – a popworthy band who can make a racket. Their varied Spice Girl-style personas further the imapct. Thus, we have Metal Vitriol on drums, the Tank Girl-ish Punk Vitriol on bass, foppish Indie Vitriol on guitar and the lank locks of Grunge Vitriol Som. Watch out, Roy Keane, Posh Som may soon be after your hand in marriage.

Highlight The drum-trashing finale 'Tongue Tied'.

Overall score ●●●○○ SH



BADLY DRAWN BOY

New Bands Stage, Friday, 8.20pm
Other Stage, Sunday, 3pm

"Will he fuck it up?" is the question on everybody's lips as Damon Gough shambles on, only to take a pretend call from his mum halfway through his first song. Casual spectators give such japery short shrift as Damon repeatedly plugs his album, conducts a séance to summon the spirits of Wyclef Jean and Arab Strap's Aidan Moffat, and halfway through 'Pissing In The Wind', climbs into the crowd to dance with a girl 'like Bono at Live Aid'. Gladly, when Gough returns in the open air two days later – still wearing the same woolly hat that made his head look like half an Everton mint – he is possibly too nervous for ad hoc 'comedy'. Light on dicking around, heavy on playing the songs really well, this is BDB spontaneity at its best and most affecting – he answers a request for 'Road Movie' in about three seconds. Fantastic, but you wouldn't want to be Fridge, his backing band.

Highlight Set [and album] closer, 'Epitaph', where Damon persuades his girlfriend Claire to sing the last verse.

Overall score ●●●●○ DL/AP

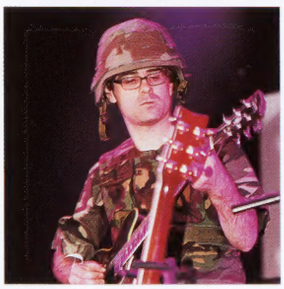
ARTFUL DODGER

Dance Stage, Saturday, 8.50pm

With the MC's call-and-response routines and constant references to raving, this panto-happy DJ set was never going to be high art. And it isn't. Instead, Artful Dodger stick to two-step Big Tunes like Baby D's 'Let Me Be Your Fantasy', 'Thong Song' and their own euphorically received 'Rewind' and 'Movin' Too Fast'. The whistle/horns crews are so delighted they hardly seem to notice Bentley Rhythm Ace's drums and air-raid siren being set up on the same stage.

Highlight When the MC tells the anti-UK garage indie scene to stick their White Power stance where the sun don't shine.

Overall score ●●●○○ IH



THE BETA BAND

Other Stage, Sunday, 9pm

The anti-hippy hippies get weary feet moving across the field. A bizarrely cuddly Steve Mason mixes already-classic '3 EPs' material with stupendous versions of newer tracks 'It's Not Too Beautiful' and 'To You Alone'. It all goes to show that you can be devilishly experimental, mournfully fragile *and* funky as all hell all at once. For most people here, the subtle dynamics of this hip-hop/acid-rock spectacular are nothing less than revelatory. Few people noticed amid the media negativity surrounding the album, but The Beta Band have transformed themselves into one of the best live acts around.

Highlight The climactic percussive jam captures all unconverted souls within earshot.

Overall score ●●●●● SL

PET SHOP BOYS

Pyramid Stage, Saturday, 9.00pm

Many imagined the aloof, urban-minded Pet Shop Boys to be a bad bet here in loamy, aromatic Glastonbury. Instead, Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe prove to be one of the festival's true highlights. Basking in the weekend's most magical sunset, PSB deliver a shameless, disco-powered Greatest Hits set – 'Go West', 'Rent', 'Always On My Mind', 'Left To My Own Devices' among others – enhanced by such jolts of showbiz energy as tap-dancing, near-the-knuckle video projections and backing singers dressed as burger van attendants.

Perhaps the crowd are surprised at how well they know these tunes, or maybe it's just the spangly theatricality – either way, the festival submits to Neil and Chris gleefully. "We were Glastonbury virgins until tonight," confesses Tennant. "Thank you for being gentle with us." The verdict: we love you, you're in our tent.

Highlight Who shall replace dear, departed Dusty for 'What Have I Done To Deserve This'? To the crowd's beery delight, it's a "very good friend" of the Pet Shop Boys called Cerys Matthews.

Overall score ●●●●● AH

GROOVE ARMADA

Jazzworld Stage, Friday, 9.20pm

Under the pernicious spell of the Jazzworld Stage, the Armada mutate into jazz-funk horrors. Thrill as they turn the lithe house groove of 'Chicago' into the Brand New Heavies! Swoon to the new dubby one that sounds like Dreadzone! Cringe as the ever-present MC wibbles about 'energising'! This multi-member live incarnation may have heads nodding, but this is really a wine-bar Groove Armada covers band [slap bass and sax solos a-go-go]. And they don't end with 'At The River'. Sort it out.

Highlight A man dressed as Elvis cycling through the crowd on a customised cycle pumping out 'Free Nelson Mandela'. Righteous!

Overall score ●●○○○ DL

NINE INCH NAILS

Other Stage, Friday, 11pm

With the weather holding up and people still grinning after Macy Gray/Moby, it's down to Trent Reznor to remind the Glastonbury crowd that they're essentially worthless scum. Playing what is in his terms a 'festival set' [focusing on 'The Downward Spiral' rather than the more pompous 'The Fragile'], only the vague suspicion that it's just another gig for The Dark One stops this being heady, hypnotic stuff – and the fact that Smiling Trent says not a word throughout. But maximum respect for wearing something very close to Romo clobber and playing Gary Numan's 'Cars' on his intro tape!

Highlight Mr Reznor chucking water at his poor keyboardist throughout the set.

Overall score ●●●○○ JM

WILLIE NELSON

Pyramid Stage, Sunday, 4.45pm

A leather-faced, pig-tailed 70-something is an unlikely Glastonbury hero, but the dazed Sunday crowd clutch the country charmer to their collective bosom without so much as the twitch of an ironic eyebrow. An 'Alt-country' artist nearly half a century before such a record-shop shelf existed, Nelson has a half-spoken, half-purred delivery that's a balm to busted souls today. His eccentrically jazzy guitar takes you places even the Shamanic Journeyers couldn't imagine.

Highlight 'Always On My Mind'. Brings a lump in the throat to everyone from cider-supping crusties to smooching wrinklies to the newfound Carhartt country massive.

Overall score ●●●●○ TM

BASEMENT JAXX

Other Stage, Sunday, 10.30pm

Their sound may belong in Brixton's urban sprawl, but Basement Jaxx transform themselves into bucolic festival-closers with ease. Their set sounds like Glastonbury's entire musical output condensed into a glorious hour-long blast, as samba rhythms vie for space with acid squelches, heavy metal guitars, pounding house beats and samples of Sting and aged ska. You can even look upon the Jaxx's tendencies towards year-out ethno-twattery with the same fond indulgence afforded poncho-clad students in the Sacred Space: if you must have your vocalists dressed up like a couple of ninnies in Egyptian and African garb, you may as well do it here at Worthy Farm.

Highlight Be-feathered Latin dancers swarming the stage for 'Bingo Bango'.

Overall score ●●●●○ AP

MACY GRAY

Pyramid Stage, Friday, 9.50pm

Dressed in what appears to be a curtain and a cloud, Macy offers proper-mad showbiz style. The classic soul revue is tempered by session muso skronking but tears are spotted in the crowd. Then she begins engaging in wayward activities more normally associated with Badly Drawn Boy; buggering off stage for an age, letting her backing group lead a pointless cover of 'Que Sera Sera', having a bit of a lie down. She then replaces her earlier compliment with a brave anorak/bra combo and starts yabbering endlessly, exhorting the audience to look up to the skies and get naked. Still, a star.

Highlight The backing singers gamely shuffling out of their knickers in Protest Naked solidarity.

Overall score ●●●○○ SL

THE BLUETONES

Other Stage, Friday, 3.40pm

"This song was genetically modified to sound good at festivals," quipped a pin-striped Mark Morriss as The Blueies launched into 'Solomon Bites The Worm'. "*God made this glorious day*", he sang soon after and a thousand Glasto-goers looked doubtful. Still, the sky remained remarkably unrainy despite the fate-tempting tidings of 'Mudslide' and the watery lyrics of 'Are You Blue Or Are You Blind?'. With a little charm and a lot of style, the tastefully tailored foursome effortlessly entertain even the older folks, with covers of Buffalo Springfield's 'Mr Soul' and the *Minder* theme.

Highlight The rustic-style 'Slackjaw', complete with accordion, double bass, mandolin and ubiquitous handclapping.

Overall score ●●●●○ SH

HORACE ANDY

Jazzworld Stage, Sunday, 6pm

Nothing depends on good festival weather quite like reggae. If the sun has got his hat on it's a perfect soundtrack, if you're up to your waist in water and filth, it's the most depressing music known to man. Fortunately for Massive Attack-favoured legend Horace, the sun is still in glorious effect. Dressed in his trademark camouflage gear, he winds through the likes of 'Money Money' and 'Skylarking' in his strangely spectral voice, marred only by the guitarist's weakness for fret-wanking. Lying on your back on a sunbaked Sunday afternoon, it's irie in the extreme.

Highlight The ebullient MC drumming up a none-more-Jamaican chant of "Ho-race! An-dy! Regg-ae! Sen-si!"

Overall score ●●●●○ DL

HAPPY MONDAYS

Pyramid Stage, Sunday, 6.30pm

The last time they played in 1990 it was *heavy*. Now the cabaret-circuit pseudo-Mondays are merely limp. Kitted out in that sharp Admiral sportswear, this comically half-assed show ignobly sees off what remains of their cachet as beloved tracks like 'Loose Fit' and 'Hallelujah' are beaten and mugged for £1. They do 'Reverend Black Grape'. You wonder what Nuts actually does. But guitar-player Wags is cool and everyone likes disaster movies.

Highlight When a naked woman 'spontaneously' streaks onstage while Rowetta sexually harasses the BBC cameramen and a weary Bez sits down.

Overall score ●●○○○ MK

THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Pictures taken using Kodak Ultra cameras

BY STEVE LOWE, JOHN MULLEN, PAT LONG, TOBY MANNING, DORIAN LYNSKEY

THE GLASTONBURY DIARY: a 72-hour ramble to the outer limits and beyond, taking in everything from lysergic-fried freakery, pear-cider casualties and, of course, schlongs a-go-go

FRIDAY

11.00 Hooray! The festival begins with The Wailers on the Pyramid Stage. Already it's rumoured that Barry White is coming on with the Pet Shop Boys on Saturday night to sing the Black Legend record. Last night's slippy mud is drying out. For now sing loud, for the whole world sings with you.

13.15 Approached by small children hawking sweets. "25 sweets for a quid," hollers one. Get landed with a glutinous assortment of rubbery cola bottles, sugary fried eggs and other multicoloured specimens. Also, first sighting of national nude resistance leader Vincent Bethell. He is wearing clothes because it's a bit parky, and tells one crowd naysayer to "fuck off" when asked why he isn't starkers.

14.50 In Greenfields come across a tent from which strange wibble noises emanate that sound like a cross between a bicycle and a fly [which apparently belong to the Temple Of Sound]. Peering inside discover a 303 lesson is being undertaken by a willing student of Marcus from the Dance Music Workshop, an organisation dedicated to teaching people how to play bad dance music. It doesn't take long.

15.05 *EastEnders'* Michelle Collins takes the Pyramid Stage immediately after a set by Live to make an impassioned plea for global disarmament. So far so good. But then she starts singing The Pretenders' 'Brass In Pocket' [yes, like she did on *Celebrity Stars In Their Eyes*]. Much booing follows.

15.25 Man walks through crowd offering "Two pound an argument". Few take him up on the offer. Similarly covetous, a gang of pallid, shirtless ciderpunks announce that they are now charging their own rather extortionate 'toilet tax' of "£2 for a piss and £5 for a shit". But how much cash did they raise?

5.30 Rumours fly that Bowie's been struck down with laryngitis. Embrace are posited as heroic stand-ins, possibly doing covers of 'Starman' and 'Queen Bitch'. See a gang of urchins pickpocketing an unconscious festival pear-cider casualty. Grizzled Fagin not pictured.

20.30 On trip to the outer reaches stumble onto the Tunnel Of Colour. Essentially, a zigzag tunnel of wood and plastic going on for 20 feet or so. But, importantly, each corridor is a different colour. "Which colour's your favourite?" asks Jonny from Braintree. Stumped, *Select* leaves.

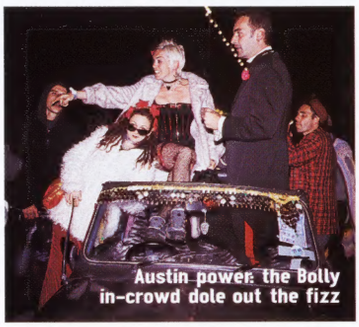
22.15 An happily oblivious couple do elaborate sit-down dry humping during Moby's set on the Other Stage. Moby plays 'Go'. They come.

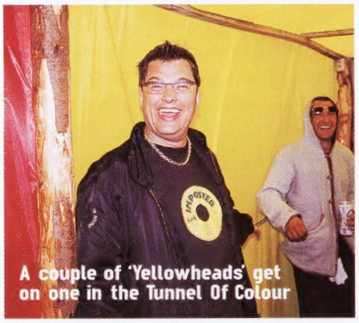
23.00 Lose friends in the rib-crushing crowds around the edge of the Pyramid Stage as the The Chemical Brothers come on. Sulk and go up hill to New Bands tent.

23.25 See the security guards standing rapt in attention at the sight of Black Box Recorder's Sarah Nixey and her astonishingly figure-hugging crash test dummy suit. A wide-eyed stage manager comes on after they depart, spluttering, "Alright! Black Box Recorder! Talk about the facts of life!" Smirk.

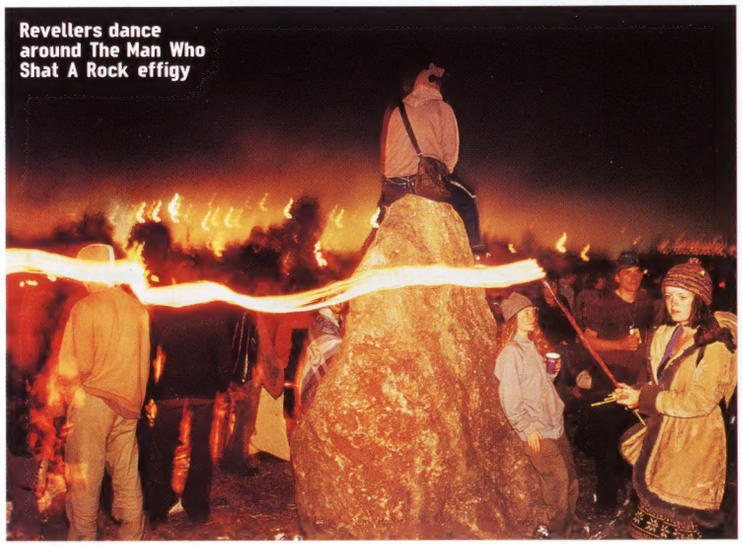
FRIDAY NIGHT/SATURDAY MORNING

00.00 It's been such a great night that people are standing on their heads with joy. Newly arrived group sit up brightly on the grass wondering where to go first. "Oh, yeah, the Stone Circle," reckons one exuberant chap. "That'd be *amazing*." Then he has second thoughts. "But then I'd love to see the stalls too!" he exhorts. It's just too much, sometimes.


Austin power: the Bolly in-crowd dole out the fizz


A couple of 'Yellowheads' get on one in the Tunnel Of Colour

Look at that crustie!


Revellers dance around The Man Who Shat A Rock effigy

01.30 Enter the real world of weird after overhearing some enlivened chap telling his mate about a mythical tent called 'MINDFUCK'. Apparently, you go in and "get really fucked up". What will they think of next? When passing Greenpeace's Millennium Farm, glance up and see a gigantic papier mâché pig with a hand coming out of its stomach clutching a heart, Jake and Dinos Chapman style pigs on spits and a mad cow. All suspended on pikes. Get "fear" for about two minutes, then buy some delightful Thai tea and a delicious organic cake with grit in.

02.40 The beat always goes on – even if in distinctly ramshackle vein – at the percussion-in put on by the Techno Tribe. One girl is dancing and whooping along with Dionysian abandon. When one of the perpetual bangers approaches her with a maraca of her own, she protests, "No! I only want to dance!" "Shake it... shake it!" he nods with wide-eyed zeal. She shakes it for all she's worth. *Select* goes off to watch the flaming baton-twirlers in the Sacred Space.

03.45 Go to the late-night drinker, the Brothers Bar, home of perry, a now-legendary seven per cent proof pear cider. It prompts confessional outbursts and impromptu hugging. Strangely, this lethal concoction is legal.

05.20 Out on the grind again, *Select* sees our first fight of the festival. A stand-off between a couple of lairy scallies and various security types is diffused by a genuine manifestation of The Glastonbury Spirit. Hands are shaken, apologies exchanged and we scarper before being invited to join the group hug, too aware of how hard it is to get a wash in this place.

05.25 Pass a Mini, from which champagne is being sold. A moon the shape and colour of watermelon prompts one lucky crusty to inquire "is that for fucking real or have I accidentally taken trips again?" as drool streams down his chin.

SATURDAY

10.13 Some lads, who seem to have enjoyed a nourishing pharmaceutical breakfast, attempt to navigate their way to their tent using a London

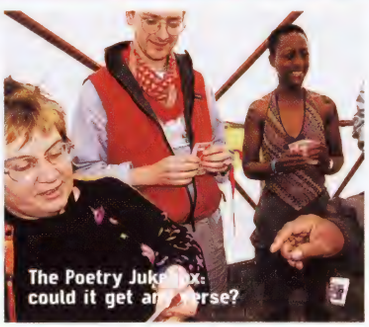
The battle of Portaloo: it's a messy business

Underground map.

11.00 Up in the Greenfields, four identically shell-suited scallies do their best to stop a hurdy-gurdy man from plying his wares. "Stick your fuckin' didgeridoo up your arse," cries one wag who Does Not Get It. Hurdy-Gurdy Man makes mental note to have this oaf voodoo-dolled to death by his witch tent-neighbour [probably].

12.30 God-bothering experimental arts group Elemental construct their 'Bread Winner' sculpture, which entails covering a young lady in her undies with 60 loaves of bread. "The bread only cost £10 – it's all from Tesco," explains artist Peter James. "The piece is about how bread is essential to life, and how to us Christ is the bread of our lives." Some of the passers-by are less tuned in to the symbolism however, nicking slices of bread every time the artist turns his back. "Don't waste the bread!" screams one horrified Manc.

13.15 The 'Poetry Jukebox' in the Poetry Tent begins – draw a random playing card, and a poet with the same card will read a poem just for you. *Select* gets a slightly manic bloke called the Speech Painter, who has a mean line in Glastonbury-gangsta rap – "*I make NWA look like C&A/I'm more DKNY than M&S and BHS/Send an SOS for TLC/And I'm gonna dance like I'm on E*". Boo-yacka.



The Poetry Jukebox: could it get any worse?

The airman of the board!

13.30 A trip to the Kidz Field reveals some lovely scenes of family bliss – a baby chewing on her daddy's dreadlocks, a dozen viciously uninterested children staring forlornly at an eco-friendly puppet show entitled 'Mr Brown's Pig' and countless teens picking up hairline fractures on the skateboard ramp.

13.43 Yet more fuel for those 'Bowie pulls out' rumours when Asian Dub Foundation dedicate their final song to their mentors Primal Scream – "You'll be seeing them play tomorrow." Will the G-man replace the Starman? No.

16.11 *Lock, Stock...* star Nick Moran's appearance backstage sends the paparazzi into a flurry of excitement. But wait! Isn't that Sol from *Hollyoaks* over there in the ever-so-cunning disguise of a hat, to avoid the inevitable tabloid feeding frenzy?

17.00 Best-ever Bond George Lazenby arrives at the festival, but only stays for an hour because he can't stand it. What a weirdo.

20.14 Lacklustre Elastica set is enlivened when the bored audience start doing the conga.

22.20 A surprisingly sober Cerys Matthews joins the Pet Shop Boys to sing Dusty Springfield's part in 'What Have I Done To Deserve This'. Despite the rumours, Barry White doesn't show. Bah!

23.30 Head towards the Standing Stones. Leftfield cause the first of many pedestrian jams. Also, by bringing their own sound-system, they're easily the loudest thing of the entire festival [shame they couldn't have lent their stacks to The Chemical Brothers].

23.45 Bottlenecks at every junction by now. Halfway up the hill, someone in the crowd murmurs, as if to himself, "I love everybody." As Mike Scott would doubtless avow, the spirit of Glastonbury lives.

SATURDAY NIGHT/SUNDAY MORNING

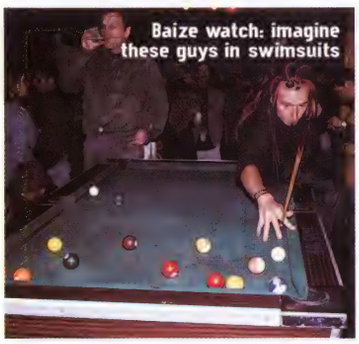
00.00 Up at the Standing Stones the Wicker Man is burned in an awe-inspiring pagan rite, despite the absence of Edward Woodward. Every time you think the spectacle is over, a cannonade of fireworks erupts again like enormous spouting candles, reminding us that, in the hallowed

Glastonbury 2000

Bez & posse: not liggers

All you good good sand people

In the altogether now


Baize watch: imagine these guys in swimsuits

Dave: next year's superstar

words of Joni Mitchell, we are indeed stardust, not to mention golden. Pass by two men dressed as Bradford & Bingley, some mime football players and Phil Mitchell off *EastEnders*. A prostrate nearby casualty coos feebly, "I'm here. Whip me!" Without even lifting his head.

00.10 In the New Tent, Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne tries to reassure a packed crowd that he's not trying to 'weird them out': "Listen, I know a lot of you are on drugs, and some of these songs are very sad, but really, everything's going to be OK."

00.39 In the Cinema Field, bedraggled punters try to keep warm by doing the 'making boxes' dance during the club scenes in the hideous *Kevin & Perry Go Large*.

02.00 At long last we discover The Cafe Of Lost Vagueness 'near' the Tipi Field. It's a fully kitted-out ballroom, with pool tables, classy cocktails and one-armed bandits, packed to the gills with gents in tuxedos and ladies in full posho party togs. And all comers can exchange their faded New Model Army T-shirt for some suitable ballroom garb! Trouble is, the *Ocean's Eleven* ambience is shattered by the crusty dub act who's playing. Everyone involved appears to have taken a vow of muteness to enhance their silent-era get-up. Time to move on.

02.30 Addled guy addresses passing crowds. "Love is not a rushin' ting," he declares, "you got to give it space to grow."

02.35 Spend 20 minutes attempting to gatecrash a bash in the backstage area of the Circus Field. Entry finally reveals an array of soused carny folk unwinding after a hard day's cabaret action. The woman who spent half the afternoon attempting to escape from a straitjacket frugs to Jimmy Cliff, whilst the balding fire-breather quaffs industrial strength punch. Not a lion or tiger in sight, sadly, though the maudlin folk in the corner are, presumably, the clowns.

04.00 Find tiny doorway guarded by dinner-jacketed bouncer. *Select* bribes him with a sloppy kiss and gains entrance into a psychedelic netherworld of Bacofoil and tigerskin, where a DJ plays the rudest 2-Tone ska to rapturous response.

05.00 Hit Joe Banana's blanket stall, a must for those who step to the Glastonbury am. A shop by day and rave by night, the main attraction here is less the pumping trance than, as the temperature drops alarmingly, the purchase of Mr Banana's daytime wares. The knowledge that their previous occupant was a dog is, by this point, as irrelevant as changing your pants. Heavy police presence renders atmos distinctly un-vibey.

The great rock'n'roll kindle

05.30 Try to find the Ska Bar again. All attempts prove fruitless. Like the VVIP bar and the scrumpy tent, arguments will rage for decades as to whether they actually ever existed. Get offered 'Angel Dust' from a man you wouldn't buy a paper clip off.

SUNDAY

13.30 Get up with dry furry thing instead of a mouth. Randomly venture out and end up seeing French trumpeter Erik Truffaz on Jazzworld Stage. It is a festival phenomenon that while you will miss many of your favourite bands you will inadvertently see all the ones you can't stand, because you're too lazy to move. Lobster-pink revellers sprawl unconscious in the sun crackling like pigs on a spit, but they care not, for life is good.

14.20 In the cabaret field a 10-year-old in a Victorian top hat and Isle Of Man T-shirt painstakingly picks his way through 'The Winner Takes It All' on a miniature electric piano to much acclaim. Wander through the eerily quiet Tipi Field to the Healing Field, where enlightenment awaits in the form of Quakers For Peace And Equality and 'Bornface Mlilo, traditional healer from Zimbabwe'.

15.30 Skipping past a gender-blurring combo of a woman with a beard and a man in a dress, see another guy/girl kit-off double act. Ponder on 2000 being the Year Of The Nude.

16.20 In the Greenfields, little kids are running around like idiots, as is their wont. Concerned parents steer them away from mud sculpture with Spock ears and giant tumescent member. "Skunk fudge! Hash truffles!

Ketamine!" bellow assorted entrepreneurs as we approach the Stone Circle. "Hash-free," boasts one of his homemade sweetmeats, aware that only here is that a unique selling point. A bare-chested man contorts himself crane-style on one of the stones, being heckled by incomprehensible Scotsmen.

17.10 At the Pyramid, an amazingly vibey man with a beatific smile and 'Dave' written in a heart on his chest is doing ecstatic interpretational dance to Willie Nelson crooning 'Georgia On My Mind'. As a finale, Dave pulls his kecks down and shakes his money-maker to cries of hilarity from nearby boozers lying on rugs.

18.00 It is still T-shirt weather so we recline to the irie vibrations of Mr Horace Andy at Jazzworld. Somebody heckles a passing Scot regarding the contents of his kilt. "You've got pants on!" he scoffs, only to be silenced by a flash of hirsute Hibernian bumcrack.

19.10 Stray past Dandy Warhols who are sporting a fetching array of millinery but not, sadly, playing the catchy one about skag, so on we go. Simultaneously, there's an enjoyably disastrous Happy Mondays performance on the Pyramid Stage. Only one person here doesn't know the words to 'Step On', and it's Shaun Ryder. Oh dear. The massed nostalgic fatnecks who remember 1990 don't seem to mind though.

20.00 Hear myriad tales of woe from the man at the Ian Dury Memorial Fund tent. Yesterday morning they arrived to find fresh turds laid in all four corners, watched miniature bullies taking liberties and armfuls of free Lucozade, and saw somebody cutting his arms while wailing "They're after me!" Gah!

21.20 The Beta Band greet the sunset with a skyscraping version of 'Dry The Rain' on the Other Stage. "They're a bit like Embrace aren't they?" notes somebody behind us, evidently from Bizarro World. "They're obviously influenced by Mike Oldfield's 'Tubular Bells' too," he adds just as The Beta Band's MC Sean announces that "The universe is here, Jah Rastafari".

22.20 A smartly dressed Mr Bowie takes to the Pyramid Stage and plays the big hits for nigh-on two hours. A man next to us takes a giant snort of amyl nitrate during every song. Twice during 'Starman'. He stumbles away queasily lest the excitement of 'Ziggy Stardust' induce an aneurysm. Then, two lovable scouse types with great senses of humour mistake ginger youth with specs for Chris Evans. "Your show's shite, you cunt," they rail wittily, pushing him in the back.

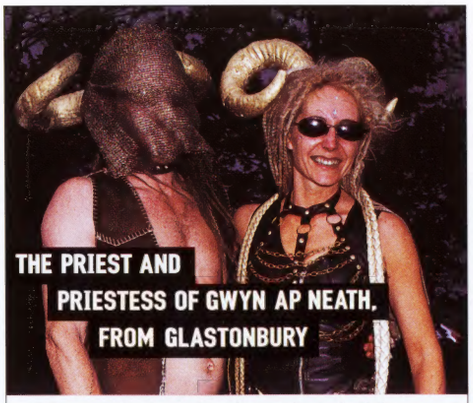
MONDAY

04.50 "The Kodak Ultra 24-hour stage has now been going for 106 hours and 44 minutes!" booms an MC, before turning the tunes off to a chorus of weak boos. Thereafter, the walking dead roam the fields and toilet areas. Tents and sleeping bags are abandoned. A few feeble campfires fume away, fuelled by the ubiquitous *Select* beer-cups. See a van in the carpark with 'DRUG SQUD L'POOL' written on it. Life doesn't get much better.

MOBY: NO STRANGER TO NATURIST BLUES

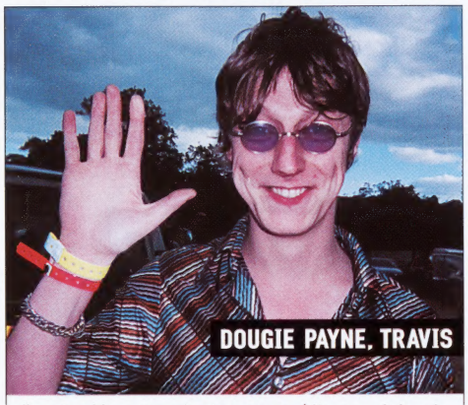
"I support nudity. The funny thing is, well, some of my university friends used to have these naked TV parties, and they found the first five minutes is really titillating and after that it's... normal. It's just funny that the penis has become this symbol of strength and virility. A flaccid penis is one of the silliest looking things on earth. When a naked man is running with a flaccid penis, it's about the goofiest thing I've ever seen.

"My most memorable public nudity experience was when I was on tour with the Red Hot Chili Peppers in Italy. Me and Flea took off our clothes and started dancing around the stage naked. And there must have been 15,000 Italians pelting us with coins, bottles and garbage. Did anything land where it shouldn't have? I don't think so. All my bits and pieces are still intact."



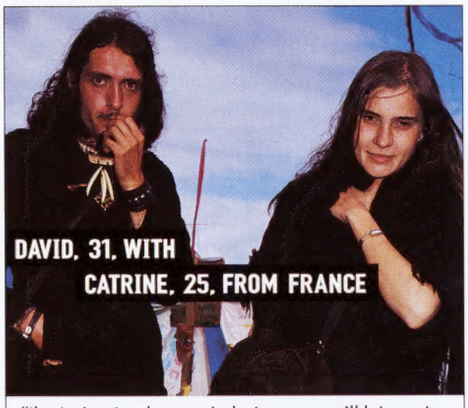
THE PRIEST AND PRIESTESS OF GWYN AP NEATH, FROM GLASTONBURY

Priestess: "It's time our Celtic gods walked this land again. Gwyn Ap Neath was the god of the underworld in these parts. He would chase fairies, crowned with horns and shod with hooves."
Priest: "The whips are just my fantasy, we never use them on ourselves. The highlight for me was video mixing for 15,000 people in the dance tent. That's my day job when I'm not the god of the underworld."



DOUGIE PAYNE, TRAVIS

"I arrived here 45 minutes ago and it was raining. I thought that maybe we'd made it rain again like last year, but fortunately it's just stopped. I'm looking forward to playing – we played halfway down on the Other Stage last year, so headlining is a bit of a leap. The vibes are amazing, as always. Maybe that's because I haven't been to the toilets yet, but I'm sure I will before we go onstage."

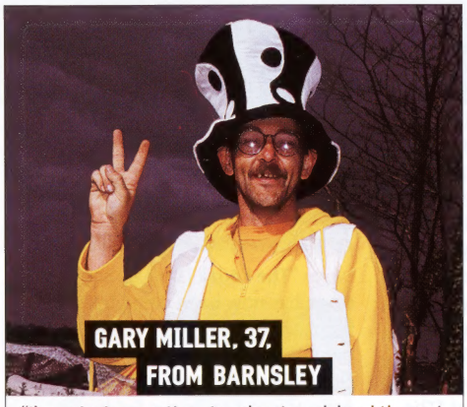


DAVID, 31, WITH CATRINE, 25, FROM FRANCE

"I'm trying to play music, but no-one will let me. I know I was in the Healing Field, but it's not right. People must be free to enjoy themselves how they want. I'm not doing it for money, it's for love, for art, but people don't respect this. I enjoyed something in the theatre tent called *Victim Of Death*, but the vibes here are shit. This should be a free festival. There should be more freedom. I am not happy!"

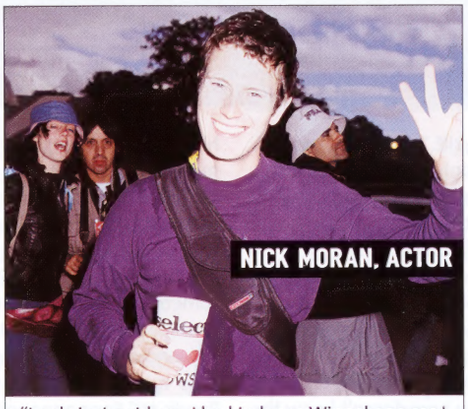
ANDREW, 29, WITH COMEDY HAND PROP

"I've been here since Wednesday, just soaking it all up, really. Watching some cabaret, listening to some poetry. I've just seen some Siberian throat singers, they were pretty good. The Baghdaddies were cracking, too. Overall the vibes are tip-top. The only thing that I'm disappointed with is the poor quality of the nutters this year. Apart from the Protest Naked man, obviously."



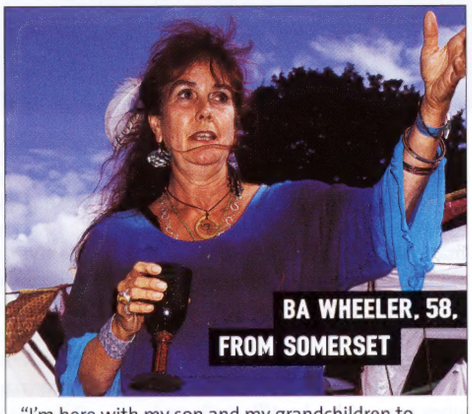
GARY MILLER, 37, FROM BARNSLEY

"I'm enjoying my time to relax. I work hard the rest of the time as a project worker for a special needs housing charity. So now it's my time. The vibe's excellent, I've absolutely loved it. Moby was banging. That's what it's all about, just giving it some [*shouts, leaping up and down*] Lay down fear, come on, have a go, have a nice time! I didn't even mind yesterday when it rained – you can only get so wet."



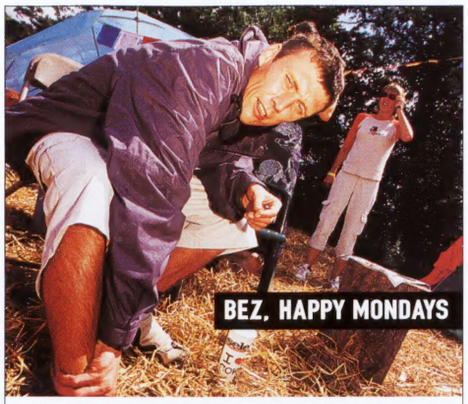
NICK MORAN, ACTOR

"I only just got here. I had to buy a Winnebago cos I couldn't find one to hire. I'll sell it on Tuesday. All seems good. I'm more into the guitar bands than the dance stuff, but then you don't know what you'll like until you see them, do ya? I also like meeting people I admire and then later bragging about it. Oh yeah! And I'm going to go naked with a bunch of hippies, banging the ground with a stick."



BA WHEELER, 58, FROM SOMERSET

"I'm here with my son and my grandchildren to organise the circle dancing here. It's a very inclusive sort of dance, the steps are very simple and we have live musicians as well. This is how I normally dress for a performance. It's very full-on, but we've created a really relaxed little space here. As you'll see, we have lots of home comforts like furniture... and, of course, gin and tonics."

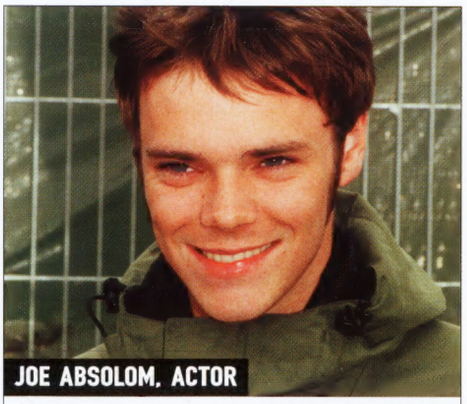


BEZ, HAPPY MONDAYS

"I'm tuning in, slowly but surely, just following me nose. It's nice to just get down here and relax, without going to casualty. Getting arrested last time, that was just daft trivial nonsense. They couldn't ban me from the site – I'm an institution. I'm fucking all for protesting naked, man, if that's what people want to do, but I couldn't go naked myself, me body's all scarred and battered."

NICK FLOOD, 42, HOSEPIPE-PLAYER

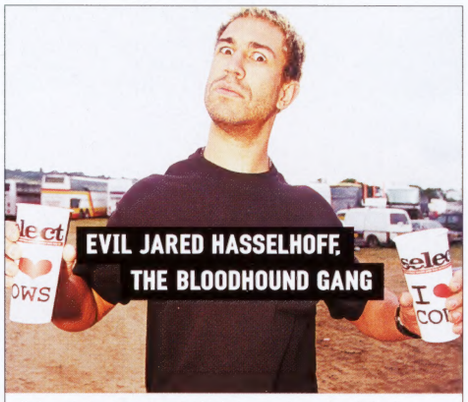
"I'm just amusing myself playing the New World Symphony on a hosepipe. I'm a trombone player so it's not that dissimilar. It's my first festival. I've been here since Monday and watched it build up. It's great knowing that there are so many people around with the same spiritual energy as you. When you're in cities everyone's dressed the same so you can't tell what people's spirits are like."



JOE ABSOLOM, ACTOR

"I'm here as a roving reporter for *The Big Breakfast*. I've got to interview Moby in a minute. Though I'd rather go and see The Bluetones, to be honest. My highlight so far was managing to get the car parked. I've never been here before, and it does seem a bit different to the other festivals. And the bill's fantastic – I want to see Embrace, Toploader, Bloodhound Gang... just loads of bands."

PIC: PA NEWS

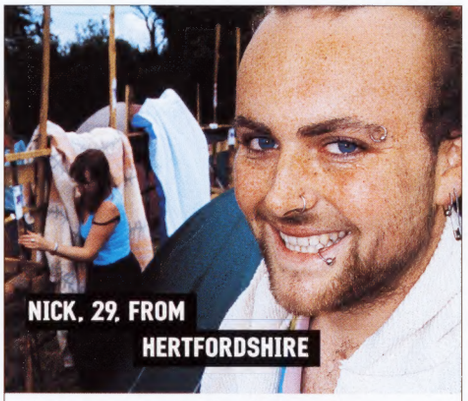


EVIL JARED HASSELHOFF, THE BLOODHOUND GANG

"The Naked Protest? If it's just a bunch of dudes running around with their schlongs hanging out, I wouldn't want to get closer than 100 yards, but if there's a bunch of tits, then I'm off work. I almost got arrested in Moscow for public nudity, but the vibe here is dirty. I walked around for about an hour and I'm covered in mud. It's like Germany here, cos everyone smells like a hoagy with extra onions!"

BEN, 11

"This is the first time I've been to Glastonbury Festival. I've been wandering about looking at all the mad people everywhere. I really like the model of the big pig with the hand coming out of it. Yesterday I played on the swings, that was really good fun, and we're going to go and see The Chemical Brothers tonight. It's all really good. I'm glad the weather's hot, too."



NICK, 29, FROM HERTFORDSHIRE

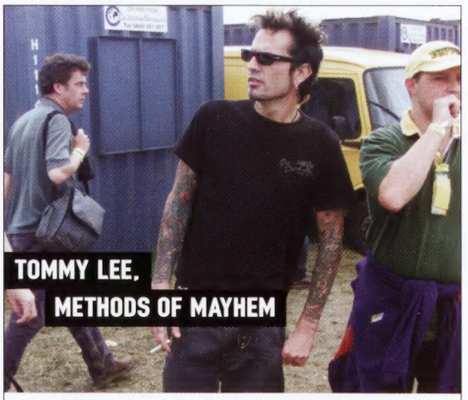
"I'm losing my mind! What else are you supposed to do at Glastonbury? My highlight so far is Asian Dub Foundation – they were just superb, really energetic. I think the vibes are great as usual. It's a learning experience about how to live together in a community – you experience generosity and give generosity to the people around you. It's not very difficult to get your head round that, is it?"

JO, 18, FROM LIVERPOOL

"I'm just going round the Greenfields with my mum. I bought this dress for a tenner! I think it looks dead good. I've not really been to anything yet. Last night I just got off my head, so I'm feeling a bit paranoid. I hung out with those two naked lads last year. They wanted me to get naked, but I thought it was a bit dodgy cos they were two lads and I was one girl. We had a laugh, though."

JOHN PEEL, DJ AND BROADCASTER

"I'm just heading back to my caravan before it rains again. I'll probably have a couple of glasses of wine, that's about as much of a luxury as we get. I coped pretty badly with the rain. I'm used to rain, I live in the country and our house was flooded recently so I've had enough of rain recently. My highlight's been Willie Nelson. I usually spend too much time seeing little bands so I miss out on the bigger names."



TOMMY LEE, METHODS OF MAYHEM

"It was just wild driving here and seeing how fucking massive it is – I can't even believe it! I'd heard about it but never played it. I'm so fucking excited! Kyuh! Is it fun here? Do the audience go crazy? There's a guy dressed as Joseph of Aramathea carrying a cross? Oh, man. There's a guy who protests naked? Niiice! Well we'll play a little song for him then. I might get butt-naked too..."

Glastonbury Groundforce

All this used to be fields y'know. From the four corners of the good vibe globe they came, a plucky amateur army, invading this green and pleasant land with only the flimsiest canvas and cigarette papers for protection. You should all be very proud...

Thanks to Fiona Freund for Pictures

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select

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